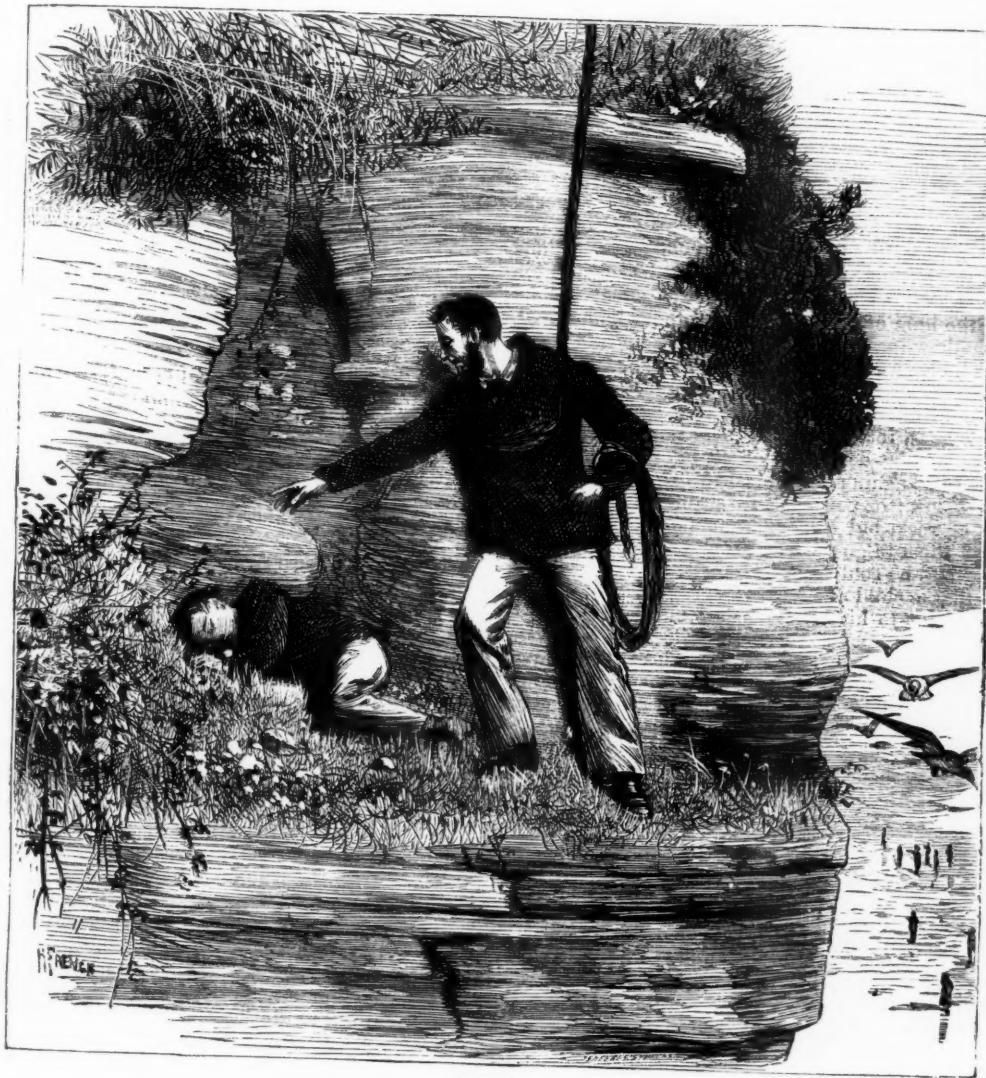


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Conway.*



RESCUED.

## STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

### CHAPTER XVII.—WAITING.

Motionless he sits  
As is the rock, his seat.

—*Grahame.*

As time went on, Tom Howard, worn out with varied emotions, began, notwithstanding the danger and discomfort of his position, to feel his eyelids grow heavy. He had made up his mind now that nothing more could be attempted for his deliver-

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ance till daylight; he had scarcely ventured to move from the position which he had taken up upon the rock after the moment of his greatest peril; and as his mind grew calmer he became more sensible to physical suffering, and began to feel his limbs cramped and in pain. Drawing his feet from under him, he suffered them to hang down over the precipice, and by doing so obtained a little more space and a firmer position for his body. But this relief brought with it another danger, by rendering him more liable to

PRICE ONE PENNY.

give way to sleep. Sleep would have been welcome to him; sleep would have been the greatest boon, if he could have felt secure. Would it be wrong, he argued with himself, to give way to it? He had resolved to trust wholly and absolutely to God's Providence; would it be a tempting of Providence, or would it be, on the contrary, an act of faith, if he should suffer himself to fall asleep where he sat? While musing thus, he heard a distant church clock strike the hour, one—two—three. His heart beat quickly with hope as he heard the sound; it would be light before five, he thought. Could it be already three? Then he would have only two more hours to wait. But the strokes went on—four—it could not be so late as that, he thought—five—six—seven—then the painful, almost incredible, truth forced itself upon him—midnight was not yet passed.

His heart sank within him as he counted the remaining strokes. Yes, it was only twelve o'clock! To watch yet through four or five long hours seemed to be a task beyond his strength or patience, and again the feeling of despair which he had before experienced came over him. All was silent around him; the hum of voices on the cliff above had ceased, and the howling of the wind was for a time the only sound he heard. He began to think that his friends had grown weary of watching with him, and that, as they could afford him no help, they had gone home to their beds, intending to return at daylight. They would find him dead, he said to himself, when they should come again; dead, dashed to pieces upon the beach below; or perhaps still sitting there upon the ledge of rock, but cold and inanimate. It was unkind of them to go away. Tears coursed down his cheeks, and he could not refrain from crying aloud like—like a child as he was. But presently the fire on the point to his right flashed up, and he saw a group of men and women near it, some of them standing with their heads bare, others upon their knees, and one figure in the midst of them with hands clasped and raised towards heaven. He could even hear the sound of a voice, and recognised the accents of prayer, though he could not distinguish what was said. They had not forsaken him, then, but were praying for him. "Two or three"—nay, more than that—were gathered together in Christ's name, and there He was in the midst of them. It is impossible to convey an idea of the comfort which this sight afforded the poor boy. He watched the group with eager eyes, and could see that when the prayer was ended many of them looked towards the spot where he was, though it was hidden from their sight in the gloom; and his heart leaped as it were to meet them. He tried to call aloud, but his voice was too feeble and husky, and they did not hear him. Soon afterwards they began to sing, and then he was able to distinguish the very words they uttered. They were familiar to him; he had heard his mother read them, and had learnt them by heart, almost unconsciously. It was the metrical version of the 130th Psalm, and these verses came home to him with great force and comfort:—

" From lowest depths of woe  
To God I sent my cry;  
Lord, hear my supplianting voice,  
And graciously reply.  
My soul with patience waits  
For Thee, the living Lord;  
My hope is on Thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out  
For Thy enlivening ray,  
More earnestly than those who watch  
To spy the dawning day.

O put thy trust in God,  
No bounds His mercy knows,  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows."

The hymn ended and the worshippers dispersed; but the words sounded yet in Tom Howard's ears, and he went over them again and again in his own mind. It was like a message from heaven to him. Yes, he would try to wait with patience; he would put his trust in God. He reproached himself for having doubted; he would build his hope on the promise, "No bounds His mercy knows." And with these thoughts in his mind, composing and tranquillising him, his head drooped, and he fell into a doze.

Waking up with a start and a shudder, he resolved on no account to give way again to the strong inclination for sleep which had come over him. He must keep his senses alive; he must watch. Time was going on, and morning would dawn by-and-by, and then deliverance would come. It was only a question of hours. He had but to sit still; but sleep might be fatal. Yet even while he was thinking and resolving thus, sleep again overtook him. Once more he started and roused himself. To keep his mind on the alert he tried to occupy it by recalling recent events, or anything that came uppermost. He thought of his home in India, of his parting with his mother in the Neptune; of his friends in London, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley and Mr. Darville: these were painful subjects in the present uncertainty, and he broke away from them to what he had been doing yesterday and the day before—to his lessons and to his pastime out of school. One idea gave place to another in his fevered imagination until the recollection of a certain story which he had been reading lately occurred to him. He went over it from beginning to end, comparing the adventure described, in all its details, with his own. It was to the following effect. The Emperor Maximilian of Austria when hunting the chamois, having in his eagerness outstripped all his companions, leapt down upon a ledge of rock, and when there found himself upon a narrow shelf which overhung a frightful precipice, and from which there appeared to be no means of retreat, neither could any one approach to help him. His people met together in the valley below, and stood looking at him, but could offer no assistance. They poured forth their prayers for him continually, and celebrated their mass, according to the ceremonial of their religion, in his presence. He could see them, but could not communicate with them by voice. The rock rose out of the plain perpendicularly for many hundred feet, and the ledge on which the emperor stood was near the summit. It was called, from its upright and naked appearance, and from a chapel which was near it, "St. Martin's Wall." There seemed to be no possibility of deliverance, and Maximilian bowed to his fate with pious resignation. But after he had been a night and a day in this perilous position, suddenly, as the legend relates, a young man in the garb of a peasant, with a seraphic countenance, appeared before him, coming from a cleft in the rock, who, beckoning to the emperor to follow, led him through the cleft to a place of safety. He then

pointed out to him a path by which he might descend to the valley and rejoin his people, who were still watching and praying for him, and immediately afterwards vanished from his sight.

"I wonder whether it was true," said the boy to himself; and he looked round, half expecting to see the rock behind him move aside, and an angelic form appear. "It would be like what happened to St. Peter when he was in prison. The people had been praying for St. Peter too. It seemed like a dream to him; for he wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. After the angel was gone he came to himself, and said, 'Now know I of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel and delivered me.' They have been praying for me. I wish they would begin again. Prayer was made without ceasing for Peter. I am afraid they have left off praying for me. I do wish they would begin again," he continued, meditating upon Peter's deliverance until he had almost persuaded himself that he should be rescued in a similar manner. He fancied he could see a shadowy form approaching, and waited to hear the heavenly voice greeting him and bidding him arise and follow. But that impression passed away, and his thoughts turned again from the angels to Him who is above all, and without whom no help is done upon earth to any one, and he went over the words of the psalm again:—

"O put thy trust in God,  
No bounds His mercy knows,  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows."

He tried to realise this; he prayed for faith to rest upon it; he endeavoured to recall some of the gracious promises with which God's word abounds, till in a moment, like a flash of light, these words fell upon his heart: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not discouraged, for I am thy God. I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." He knew that these were the words of Scripture; and though he had never learnt them by heart he had heard them more than once, as the text of a sermon, perhaps; and now by some latent power of the mind and memory, if not by a direct inspiration from above, they were impressed upon his soul. The words did not promise him deliverance, but they gave him all that he wanted—courage, support, a full assurance that all would be well with him whatever happened. He put forth his right hand, and could almost fancy that it was touched and grasped; and in that confidence he sat quietly during the remainder of the night. Sleeping or waking, he never ceased to be conscious of his position; but it did not trouble him. A great sense of security had taken possession of him, and he waited with patient expectation till help should come, such help as God would send him in His own good time.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE RESCUE.

Thy life's a miracle.—*Shakespeare*.

As hour after hour passed on, the little group of people on the summit of the cliff increased continually. Some were attracted by the unusual sight of the fires burning up brightly all through the night, and these gave the alarm to others, who came out of their beds on the report of what had happened, and hastened through the mist and darkness, in the hope of being useful. Some, who would have followed them from

motives of curiosity, turned from their open windows as soon as they felt the damp cold air, and went back to their warm beds with the comfortable reflection that there were plenty to help without them, which was true enough, for there was nothing to be done in the way of assistance until daylight. Some of those who came to the spot, after they had caught a glimpse of the immovable figure perched upon the narrow ledge of rock, and had looked down with a shudder into the dark gulf which yawned beneath him, went away, sad and shivering, breathing a prayer as they hastened home again, and resolving to turn out again at daylight to hear what had been done. Messengers were continually arriving, not only from the school-house, where many of the elder boys sat up all night and many more lay awake upon their beds, but from the town, where anxious mothers, whose little ones were safe under their own keeping, watched and fretted, thinking incessantly of the poor little schoolboy in his suffering and peril, and of his father and mother far away (how far they did not know), to whom the news would come too late perhaps for them to look upon his face again in this world.

From time to time the prayer-meeting was renewed, the masters of the school, the vicar of the parish, and others of several denominations, taking part in it. They met on neutral ground, one common brotherhood. No rivalries, no sectarian jealousies, could enter there; their thoughts and prayers went up to the same Lord, the God of Providence; their sympathies flowed out together towards the same object, a little child. Fears, hopes, affections such as these, break down all distinctions, sweep away all stumbling-blocks, and bring men nearer to each other and to Him who is the Father of them all. If there is one thing more than another which appeals to the sympathies of all hearts, it is the sight of a brave, patient, trusting, innocent child in peril of his life. The best side of human nature shows itself at such a time. The bitterest foes will join hands, pray together, and work together, heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder, in such a cause. In the description of the peaceable kingdom that we all look for, where the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, and the calf with the young lion, it is written, "A little child shall lead them."

Preparations were made during the night for accomplishing the rescue with as little risk as possible as soon as the day should dawn. A boom was brought from the coastguard station, and rigged upon a pair of sheers extemporised and held in readiness to be suspended clear over the edge of the cliff at such a height and distance as should avoid any further disturbance of the soil; and this, with a snatch-block at the end of it, would, they hoped, render the rescue a matter of very little uncertainty or danger, if only the poor boy could hold out so long. He had ceased for some time to take any notice of them, or to reply when they called to him, and they thought it better to refrain from disturbing him or attracting his attention, except by keeping the fires alive and blazing. They fancied they could see him as often as fresh dry fuel was cast upon the flames, sitting as before, with his back against the rock; but his head drooped forward, and he seemed to be asleep, or numbed, perhaps, by the cold and wet. It began to grow very chilly towards morning, and they waited with constantly increasing anxiety for the moment when they should be able to snatch him from his post

of danger, dreading lest in his half unconscious state he might by some incautious movement overbalance himself and fall, and so all their care and labour, all their watching and praying, would be in vain.

Daylight came at last. The flickering light and shade which the fires cast around them were less distinctly marked. There was a streak of grey above the dark clouds which lay along the horizon; the wide expanse of sea became dimly visible, and presently each object near them on the summit of the cliff stood out in dark relief against the sky. Then the trees and undulations of the ground began to show themselves; the face of the rock reflected here and there the first faint beams of light from the east; and at length the ledge, towards which so many anxious eyes were strained, became distinctly visible. The exact bearings of it were then taken, and the boom, or yard-arm, brought to its place and fixed securely. There was a group of men and women on the beach watching the process and signalling, their upturned faces showing white in the early dawn, though so far off that their features were scarcely distinguishable. Every heart beat quickly, as one of the coastguard, a sailor-like, active fellow, in whom every one present seemed to have confidence, placed himself in the sling, and giving the signal to his mates, disappeared silently and without any disturbance of the soil over the edge of the cliff.

Two or three minutes only had elapsed, not a word had been spoken, not a creature had moved, when a voice was heard calling from below to "haul up easy;" and then, as those who had charge of the rope walked away with it, the man's face again appeared rising out of the gulf.

"Where's the boy?" was asked by two or three impatient voices simultaneously. They were soon answered. Lying upon the seaman's breast, helpless and to all appearance without life, but bound to him by a turn of the rope, and clasped round by a strong arm under his shoulders, the little hero was drawn up. A low murmur ran through the group of spectators, and then silence again prevailed. Some of the women burst into tears and hid their faces in their aprons, not daring to look upon the two figures suspended over the gulf; others fell upon their knees and prayed. In another minute the rope was drawn in and lowered. Two men caught hold of Tom Howard and carried him up the slope. He was pale, cold, and almost incapable of moving, but he looked round him with wondering eyes and quivering lips, and smiled upon those who crowded together near him, blessing him and asking eagerly whether he was hurt and how he felt. They took him quickly to a carriage which was in waiting, and gave him into the care of Dr. Piercey and the surgeon whom he had brought with him to the spot, well provided with restoratives and comforts, and then the eager group withdrew and turned to the next object of their interest, the man who had ventured over the cliff to rescue him.

"I never saw such a sight in my life," the man was saying; "never, never, never!"

"How? What? Tell us."

"I thought he was asleep when I came nigh him, for though his eyes were only about half shut, he did not seem to take no notice of me. So as soon as I could steady myself and get a footing—and that wasn't easy, for I had to get myself on a swing like before I could reach in—as soon as I could get a footing; I laid my hand gently on him, getting a firm

grip of his coat collar though, and spoke to him quite quiet:—

"'Hullo!' I said. But he did not seem to hear me.

"'Hullo!' I cried again. 'Hullo! my little lad, look up.'

"Still he did not take no notice; so I just put my hand under his chin and lifted up his face a bit; and when I looked into it there was a something there so quiet, so solemn, so grand—there, I don't know what to call it!"

He paused, dashed the back of his hand across his eyes, and went on more quietly.

"I thought he was dead, you know; and yet there was a smile upon his lips; and as I looked into his eyes and touched them with my fingers, the eyelids opened wide—bright eyes they were, so full of light, but looking straight away, not seeing me—miles, miles away. I'll tell you what I thought. It was like Stephen, when them as looked on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Do you mind reading about that any of you?"

Yes, there were several that minded it well; it was when Stephen looked up to heaven and saw his Saviour, just before he died: one of them said so.

"I know what it is," cried a poor woman, who had been listening with the keenest interest. She turned away, wringing her hands nervously as she spoke, and smiling through her tears. "Ah, yes; I know what it is!"

"Yes," another repeated, looking after her; "she knows; it ain't a month ago as she buried her youngest child, and she told me how he looked up at her out of his little bed just at the last. But this one is come back again out of the pit. Bless the Lord!"

"Well, but go on; tell us some more about him."

"So I spoke to him," the man resumed, "and told him to put his arm round me and hold on tight; and he tried to do it; but his right hand was clasped in this fashion, and he never offered for to open it. 'Lay hold of me,' I says again; for I wanted to swing off, and I thought it would give him courage to feel that he had something to clutch at. But no, he never opened his fingers."

"Cramped they was, no doubt," said one of the listeners.

"I don't think it was that," said the man; "he seemed as if he thought he had got hold of something already, and did not mean to let it go; for when I tried to open his hand he would not let me. So I grappled him tightly round the waist, and swung off, and brought him up safe, thank God!"

"Yes," said the woman who had spoken before, "he is safe enough now; and he was safe all along if we had but known it. He was not alone down there. He had One beside him all the long night through, holding him by his right hand, no doubt, and the dear child was well aware on it."

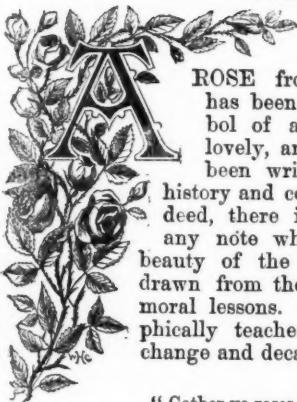
The good woman's remark met with general sympathy and approval, and with hearts relieved and filled with pious thoughts, the simple folk dispersed, going away slowly and reluctantly in groups of twos and threes, and minding to go or send round by the school-house by-and-by to inquire after the poor lad, how he was getting on after his trial and exposure.

"For it was not all done with yet," they said, with ominous shaking of their heads; "he would feel it afterwards, no doubt, and it might be days or weeks before he would get over it, if he ever did at all."

## FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

### VII.



ROSE from the earliest times has been regarded as the symbol of all that is sweet and lovely, and many a volume has been written descriptive of its history and countless charms. Indeed, there is scarcely a writer of any note who has not made the beauty of the rose his theme, and drawn from thence many impressive moral lessons. As Herrick so graphically teaches us, it points to the change and decay of all things:—

"Gather ye roses while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And the same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be a-dying."

Its thorn, too, would remind us that even earth's fairest object has its dark and sad side, and that there is nothing in this world, however bright and beautiful, which is not alloyed.

The rose has had an eventful history, having played an important part in the Wars of the Roses, at the close of which it became the national badge of England. The King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, Thibault IV, surnamed the Song-maker, brought from the Holy Land, on his return from the Crusades, a rose-tree, which he planted in the city of Provins. This flourished so well that in after-times the city became famous for it, and the Provins rose is still much in request. The phrase *sub rosa*—under the rose—imploring secrecy, is said to have originated during the wars of York and Lancaster. It is also attributed to an old custom, now fallen into disuse, of hanging a rose over the heads of the guests at feasts, to signify that whatever was the subject of conversation was to be regarded as of a confidential character.

In days gone by the rose entered largely into the customs and superstitions of most nations, and even now-a-days there is an extensive folk-lore associated with it. Among the Greeks it was regularly used for funeral purposes, and the tombs of the dead were frequently decorated with it, under a superstitious belief that it protected the remains of the dead. The Romans, too, were so fond of the rose that they left legacies in their wills so that their tombs might be decorated with it—a practice said to have been introduced by them into England. Camden and Aubrey both speak of the churchyards in their time as being thickly planted with rose-trees. Evelyn, who lived at Wotton Place, near Ockley, alludes to the custom for maidens yearly to plant and deck the graves of their deceased sweethearts with rose-bushes. In Wales it is customary to plant the white rose on the grave of an unmarried female; and a red rose is appropriated to any one distinguished for benevolence.

The Roman pontiff, says Miss Pirie, when he wishes to confer special distinction on a crowned head, consecrates a garden rose, and presents

it to the fortunate monarch; a mark of honour bestowed both on Henry VI and Henry VIII. Napoleon III, Emperor of France, had also this badge of distinction conferred on him. It was anciently the fashion to stick a rose in the ear. At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, says Brand,\* there is a juvenile portrait (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth), with a red rose sticking in her ear.

Roses were formerly picked with much ceremony on Midsummer Eve, and used for love divinations—a custom alluded to in a poem entitled the "Cottage Girl" (1786):—

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,  
Was freshly gathered from its stem,  
She values as the ruby gem;  
And, guarded from the piercing air,  
With all an anxious lover's care,  
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,  
Await the New Year's frolic wake—  
When, faded in its altered hue,  
She reads—the rustic is untrue!  
But if it leaves the crimson paint,  
Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint.  
The rose upon her bosom worn,  
She meets him at the peep of morn;  
And, lo! her lips with kisses prest,  
He plucks it from her panting breast."

While speaking of the moss-rose we may mention a pretty legend which accounts for its origin. One day the angel of the flowers, who watches over them and bathes them in the sweet dews from heaven, slept beneath a rose-tree. Awaking from his repose, he whispered to the rose, "Oh, fondest object of my care, I thank thee for thy cool refreshing shade; in return for which, ask what thou wilt, and I will grant it thee." Then the rose, with deepening blush, replied, "Bestow on me another grace." The angel paused for a moment, wondering what grace there was which this flower had not, when suddenly he threw a veil of moss over it, and thus robed in nature's most modest attire, the moss-rose became so universally admired. The first *white* moss-rose was a sport from a red moss-rose, discovered in the nursery of Mr. Shaler, King's Road, Chelsea. It was carefully propagated, and realised about £1,000 to the original proprietor. According to an old tradition, the thorn-crown of Christ was made from rosebrier, and the drops of blood that started under it and fell to the ground blossomed to roses.

In Germany there are numerous superstitions connected with the rose, of which we subjoin a few as specimens. Rose-leaves are thrown on a coal-fire for good luck, and great importance is attached to this ceremony, and the reverent manner in which it is performed. The relations of this flower to blood are widely believed. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, a drop of one's blood buried under

\* "Popular Antiquities," 1849, ii. 346.

a rose-tree is said in a short time to produce rosy cheeks. There was, too, an ancient charm once prevalent in Germany, and frequent in Swabia and Westphalia, against nose-bleeding. It is also commonly believed in Germany that a white rose appears on the chair of any one about to die; and it would seem that the soul was thought to take occasionally the form of a white rose. This idea occurs, too, in the Scottish ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William":—

" Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a brier;  
They grew till they grew unto the church top,  
And there they tied in a true lover's knot."

It is also a German notion that if a white rose-bush blossoms unexpectedly, it is a sign of an approaching death in the nearest house; whereas the blossoming of a red rose in autumn is said to denote an early marriage. Many, too, dislike throwing a rose into a grave, as it is supposed to be unlucky. To scatter rose-leaves on the ground has been held to be ominous. As an illustration of this we may quote the following sad incident from the "Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis." The lady to whom the portent happened was Miss Ray, who was murdered at the Piazza entrance of Covent Garden Theatre (April 7th, 1779). When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis made some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it, but as she picked it up, the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hand. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, "I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen." But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a cheerful tone, her hope that they would meet again after the theatre—a hope, alas! which was never realised. In Italy the red rose is considered as an emblem of an early death, and it is regarded as an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.\*

The rose is not without its weather-lore, and it was formerly a common idea that when roses and violets flourished in autumn, there would be some epidemic in the ensuing year. In briefly alluding to some of the varieties of the rose we may mention that the eglantine, or as it is now popularly called, the sweet-brier, has always been much esteemed for the delicious odour of its leaves, so graphically described in the following well-known lines:—

" A sweeter spot on earth was never found :  
I waked, and looked, and still with new delight ;  
Such joy my soul, such pleasures filled my sight ;  
And the fresh eglantine exhalea a breath,  
Whose odours were of power to raise from death."

The word eglantine has, says Dr. Prior, been the subject of much discussion, both as to its exact meaning and as to the shrub to which it properly belongs. In Chaucer and the old poets it occurs under the name eglanterie and eglatere. Milton, in the expression "twisted eglantine," is supposed to have meant the sweet-brier.

Returning to the historical lore of the "Wars of

the Roses," in the dispute in the Temple Gardens, Somerset, on the part of Lancaster, says,—

" Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
But can maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Warwick on the part of York, replies,—

" I have no colours ; and without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet."

The trailing white dog-rose is commonly considered to have been the one chosen by the house of York. The white rose, however, has a very ancient interest for Englishmen, for long before the brawl in the Temple Gardens the flower, says a writer in the "Quarterly Review" (vol. cxiv.), had been connected with one of the most ancient names of our island. The elder Pliny, in discussing the etymology of the word Albion, suggests that the land may have been so named from the white roses which abounded in it. The white variety of the cabbage-rose became the emblem of the House of Stuart upon the accession of the Duke of York to the throne of England as James II. It was said to come into flower on the 10th of June, a day regarded by the Jacobites with no small interest, on account of its being the birthday of the Chevalier St. George.\*

" Of all the days that's in the year,  
The tenth of June I love most dear,  
When sweet white roses do appear,  
For the sake of James the rover !"

The York and Lancaster rose, with its pale striped flowers, is a variety of the French rose, known as *Rosa Gallica*. It became famous when the two emblematic roses, in the persons of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, at last brought peace and happiness to the country which had been so long divided by internal warfare. The York and Lancaster roses were a frequent subject for the epigram writers, and the following one by Drummond is one of the happiest of English epigrams:—

" If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
It on thy bosom wear ;  
Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there."

" But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
As kiss it thou mayst deign,  
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,  
And Yorkist turn again."

The wild rose, which in early summer is one of the prettiest adornments of our country hedges, has been popularly termed dog's-rose and dog's-thorn, because dogs are said to eat the hips. Hence it has also been called the hip-rose. A species of gall is sometimes found on the wild rose and sweet-brier, called *fungus rosarum*. Like other galls, it arises from the puncture of insects, and another of its names is Bedeguar. It looks, says Mrs. Lee,† like a ball of light green or reddish moss, and among the diseases for which it has been prescribed is toothache. Pliny tells us that when reduced to ashes and mixed with honey it cures baldness. It is from the common dog-rose that the best rose-water is distilled. The precious attar, or otto of roses, is chiefly manufactured in Bengal, and is said by some to be produced from the damask rose.

\* "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. xlii. p. 210.

† "Flower Lore," p. 61.

† "Plants and Flowers," p. 345.

It seems almost incredible that one hundred thousand roses should only yield one hundred and eighty grains, or three drachms, of the pure attar. This, too, we are informed, is often mixed with oil of sandal wood. It is called attar-gul in the east, and is shipped in small flat oblong phials, holding only a few drops, or in large bottles for wholesale trade. To illustrate its strength Mrs. Lee narrates an amusing story of its effect on the nerves of Italians. It is that of an English traveller, who, passing through Naples from Constantinople, lodged at a hotel, where he one day left his portmanteau unlocked in his room and went out. On his return he found there had been an unusual commotion. The landlord not only met him and insisted on his going immediately before one of the authorities; but worse than this, in the middle of the yard of the hotel lay his portmanteau, and all his things scattered about. He, in his turn, became naturally very angry, and was as anxious as the other to make his complaint before a magistrate. There he learned that one of the female servants belonging to the hotel had entered his room and fainted, and another, who had gone to see what was the matter, had been scarcely able to stagger out of the room. The portmanteau was at once pointed out as the cause, and placed in the hotel yard, where its contents were taken out, and the cause of the alarm was manifest on the discovery of the mysterious bottles, which eventually turned out to contain attar of roses,

which the gentleman had bought in Constantinople and was taking to England for some friends. Space forbids us to speak much further on this queen of flowers, although many a page might be written about it. As an illustration of the extent it was cultivated in Shakespeare's time, we have a proof in the account of the graft of Ely Palace, in Holborn, the property of the Bishops of Ely. Cunningham informs us that the tenant was Sir Christopher Hatton, and the rent consisted of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum.

It is believed that the oldest rose-bush in the world is the one which is trained on one side of the cathedral in Hildersheim, in Germany. The root is buried in the crypt, below the choir. The stem is a foot thick, and half-a-dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist that prove that the Bishop Hezilo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof.\* With the following suggestive lines we conclude our remarks on this beloved flower:—

“ How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,  
Rose ! ever wearing beauty for thy bower.  
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—  
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower.

\* “ Church Builder,” July, 1872.

## THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

V.—ITS INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENTS.

THE Black Forest is far from being an abode of idleness. The inhabitants are a primitive people, of extremely simple habits; but they work hard in many ways, and whilst providing for the few wants of themselves and families, contribute not a little to the wealth and prosperity of Europe. The employments of a considerable portion of the 300,000 population dwelling in the region are out of doors—in the meadows and on the hills—but more are engaged in mechanical occupations, which keep them at home, or gather them together in manufactories, some of a pretty good size.

None of the Black Foresters can be called farmers in the English sense of the term. The Norfolk and Cheshire yeomen and tenants would smile at the rude efforts in the way of agriculture made in these exposed uplands. In the Grand Duchy of Baden altogether 3,200 square miles are covered with fields and gardens, producing rich harvests and yielding a large revenue, but the Black Forest division shares but little in this distinction. Little or no wheat is grown, but rye, oats, and potatoes are produced here and there; and all the means and methods of husbandry are of a primitive description. Ploughs, harrows, and carts or waggons, are all rough and rude, the last of these light in construction, consisting of inclined sides, not of solid wood, but of unshapen beams, crossing each other. The women are employed in field-work, and leave the lords of creation to improve their time in other ways. As to the produce of the soil, it is only proper to add, that Baden-Baden is rich in walnuts, cherries, apples, and peas, and even the western terraces of the Black Forest

are not wanting in vineyards. The walnut thrives at the height of 1,340 feet, but the grape climbs above a hundred feet higher. The wild cherry attains to an elevation of 2,600 feet; cereals are cultivated on the same level, and oats may be found in the uplands a thousand feet loftier still. The cultivation of such fields, and bringing down the produce, involve no small labour, whilst they testify no less to the industry of the people than to the fertility of the soil.

Farm lands are chiefly laid down for pasture; rich crops of hay are grown and gathered in summer for winter consumption, when the cattle are housed and sheltered from the cold. The herds will not compare with ours of Durham and Hereford, but an abundance of beasts are kept, which furnish delicious milk and butter, nor is the beef to be despised.

The Germans turn everything to account, and what Howitt says of them may be applied to the people of the Black Forest as far as cattle-feeding is concerned: “ Nothing that can possibly be made use of is lost. The children may be seen standing in the stream in the villages, carefully washing weeds before they are given to the cattle. As we meet them, and the women with large bundles of grass on their heads, tied in large cloths, one cannot but call to mind the immense quantities by our highway-sides and green lanes in England, and by woodsides, which grow and wither, which might support many a poor man's cow. But with the yeoman-peasant it is not merely grass, it is everything which is collected and appropriated. The cuttings of his vines are dried and trussed for mules' fodder. The very

## THE BLACK FOREST.

tops and refuse of his hemp are saved for the bedding of his cattle—nay, the rough stalks of his poppies, after the heads are gathered, serve the same purpose, and are all converted into manure." "The fir cones, which with us lie all scattered in the forest, are as carefully collected to light their fires, or are carried in sacks and sold for that purpose." "The peasants are early risers, and thus obtain hours of the day's beauty and freshness which others lose. As they herd their cattle and swine, or as they meet to chat, the everlasting knitting-needles are at work, and the quantities of stockings which they accumulate are astonishing."

But in the Black Forest woodcraft takes precedence of farming, and even cattle-grazing. The growth, the cutting down, and the removal of timber form a large part of the people's employment. "Every few hundred yards," says Howitt, "are weirs and locks, and a sort of trap for timber. Here are saw-mills, busy ripping up vast quantities also of this timber. You meet everywhere with waggons loaded with these boards; you see them stacked up in great piles to dry. Every place abounds with wood, and bears evidence to the great traffic of the country." The woodman's axe is often heard amidst the silence of the dark, yet silvery forests, and down comes the tall fir-pole with a tremendous crash. The trees, when trimmed, are floated by mountain torrents into the rivers which water the valleys. When streams have not sufficient volume and force to serve the purpose of carrying down the enormous poles, dams are formed, of which good examples occur in the Murgthal and its vicinity. These dams are called Schwel-lungen, and when opened, the waters rush out with immense violence, carrying all before them; and as the occurrence is an important event in the neighbourhood, notice of it is given in local newspapers. Rafts are made of the timber thus conveyed into the rivers, and in the Kinzig valley hundreds of pine-stems may be seen fastened together by willow twigs. "It is a very interesting sight to watch these masses of timber (*Flössen*) wending like serpents down the tortuous stream, and from the mode of connection adapting themselves to all its irregularities. At the head of the raft a strong, clever raftsmen guides its course by means of a long pole. In the middle of the raft others are similarly occupied, whilst at the end, where there is the greatest weight of poles, stands a steersman, directing the hinder portion of the huge monster. Of course, the whole concern not unfrequently sticks fast, tasking the skill and energy of the conductors to get it free again." "Just before entering the Gutach valley, behind Hausach (on the Black Forest railway), one of the many so-called *Polterplätze* is to be seen, where thousands of stems of trees, many of them over a hundred feet in length, are heaped up ready for export. The name *Polterplatz* is derived from *gepolter*, which expresses the clattering noise made in moving the large quantities of timber and making up the rafts."\* These valuable stores, brought down from rocky heights, contribute to form those wonderful floating islands of wood, with huts and men on board, so familiar to tourists up the Rhine. The Baden-Baden timber is exported almost exclusively to the Netherlands, and brings in a sum amounting, in our currency, to about a quarter of a million. But there is a home market for the consumption of smaller

timber, and for large quantities of fire and other wood, useful for domestic purposes.

The Germans have stringent forest laws, and the rights of property are carefully preserved. Firs, as well as fruit-trees, are protected from depredation, and with regard to game, as well as vegetation, there are rules of conduct laid down which cannot be violated with impunity. In Germany, as large public woods are the property of the State, a forest-master manages all matters in reference to the property under his care.

Charcoal burning is an employment closely connected with woodcraft; and we well remember having met numbers of men conveying charcoal in sacks on beasts of burden, or in the long wooden carts of the country; and before we leave the employments connected with the produce of the soil, we may mention the culture of grapes in some of the valleys, producing fair ordinary wines, and the distillation of the famous "Kirchwasser," a beverage made from rich crops gathered in cherry orchards.

A word may be said with regard to fishing. The trout streams of the Black Forest are renowned, and the traveller is glad to regale himself on the dainty food obtained from these sources. When we were at Triberg, where, by mistake, we lodged at the Baur, instead of the Black Forest Hotel, we ordered trout for a party of four. A fair-sized dishful was placed on the table; but when we came to settle the reckoning, we found in the bill a heavy charge which, on our expostulations, was somewhat reduced. Upon reaching Donaueschingen, we told the landlord there of the price of trout at Triberg, when he joined with us in pronouncing such a demand very unreasonable, but added that he himself paid a mark and a half per pound for fish at the riverside. This would yield a pretty good profit; however, we infer from the price that the fish cannot be plentiful. As to the German mode of catching fish, let us turn to William Howitt. "Those who have ascended the Rhine have seen here and there a solitary man standing by the river brink, with a long stout pole supported on a boat, or on a frame set in the water, and moved by a swivel at the top of the frame, so that he could elevate his pole or depress it at his pleasure by leverage, that is, by weighing on its end, while he had a rope to this end, by which, when it ascended into the air, on the withdrawal of his pressure he could pull it down again at will. At the other end of his pole he had a flat square net of a few yards in diameter, suspended by two bows from this pole, and this net he let go to the bottom, and there lie till any good-natured fish came and laid themselves upon it, when he hoisted his net out of the water and took them. *A priori*, one would never have imagined fish so obliging or so abundant as to be taken in quantities by so simple a means, but no fishing is so common as this throughout Germany. In the smaller streams, the pole and the net are so light that they are lifted entirely by hand, and are dropped into the water from boats in all directions." It may be mentioned that besides the Danube and Neckar in the eastern part of their course, the Black Forest is watered by the Enz, the Murg, the Kinzig, the Elz, and several smaller streams; and it may be added that there is game as well as fish in the Black Forest. Roes, pheasants, hares, and partridges are the chief objects which attract the sportsmen's gun. A shooting licence is necessary, and permission to shoot must be obtained from the owners of land. Of course the spoils of the

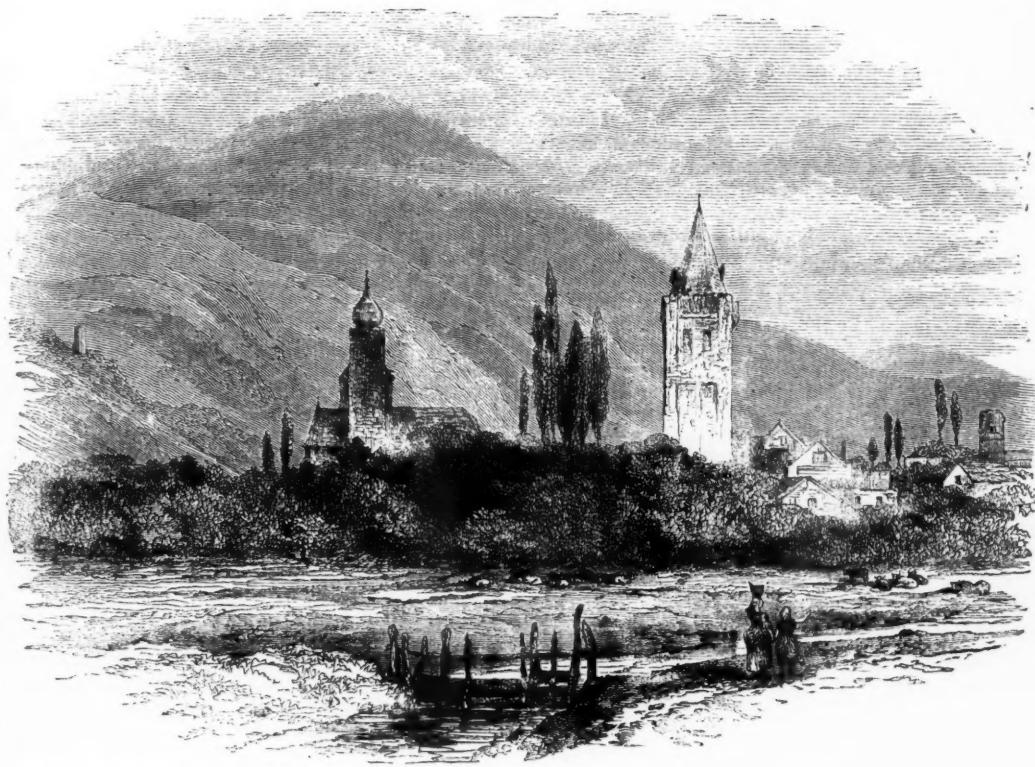
\* "Cook's Tourist Handbook—Black Forest."

forest can be bought and sold. Game and venison appear sometimes on the hotel tables, and thus the labour of bringing down the wild birds and animals becomes a source of profit.

We have just left the river side; let us add another observation as to industrial employments. The women of the Black Forest, like the rest of the German sisterhood, are adepts at washing on the banks of running streams. It is very amusing to watch them rubbing and beating and dipping the white linen in the clear water on the edge of the green grass, and then bleaching it all in the sun; thus furnishing pictures for an artist's pencil, and suggesting one method which the people have of adding to their little means of support, by washing

while to step into one of these nooks of industry and examine the process there going on. Many of the houses in which the cut deals and other kinds of timber are employed do credit to the joiners and architects. Some are of the Swiss type—broad roofed, with projecting eaves and picturesque gables, and pretty little wooden galleries. Indeed, in some parts of the Forest, looking at cottages and meadows, we have imagined ourselves amidst the Alps, save that no snowy peaks came into view. Others, of the German build, are long, many-windowed, dark on the roof, white in the walls, but striped by black intersecting beams.

We must now turn to look at certain manufactures which gave a marked character to the industry of



GINGENBACH, A BLACK FOREST VILLAGE.

done for others, as well as of providing for domestic cleanliness and comfort in their families. Another female employment not to be overlooked is straw plaiting. This becomes, in the Forest States, a carefully cultivated art, for it is taught in schools aided by Government, and the work thus done is very ingenious. Some of the straw hats worn by the peasantry are very pretty and graceful.

House-building is needful all the world over; and the Schwarzwalders know how to erect very pretty-looking cottages. Wood is largely employed in their construction, and wood prepared for such purpose may be seen piled up in many a town and village. The saw-mills are numerous. Worked by water, they draw along and cut through great bundles of timber in a short space of time, and the planks thus formed are ready for the joiner's use. It is worth

the Schwarzwald. The Harz district is a great toy country. Sonneberg, near Coburg, is also a large producer of such wares. Animals of all sorts, and Noah's arks in abundance, are there seen. We do not remember noticing any productions of that kind in our Black Forest rambles; but there is a good deal of wood-carving going on, like that which is so familiar to tourists in Switzerland. Ornaments cut by the hand, cattle, stags, trees, plants, and so forth, are exhibited for sale at Triberg and such places. Brushmaking, glassblowing, and pewter working are not unknown. Jewellery, too, of some description, we learn, is also produced, but the great staple manufacture consists in making clocks and watches.

Triberg is a great emporium of this most interesting art-trade, and when we were there we visited one of the large workshops and witnessed the processes

going on. The men we saw were busy making certain parts of the machinery used in the construction of what are called Dutch, or German clocks. Only certain articles are manufactured in the establishment; the springs, the chains, the enamelled faces, and other parts, are made elsewhere. But here we saw wheels punched out of sheets of brass; pendulums ground down and polished, and tiny cogs and pivots cut with delicate tools. The superintendent gave us such explanations as we could understand of what was being done by the cunning-handed craftsmen, but many things included in clock-work were not going on at the time, and some were not done at all on these premises; here the different portions were put together, and numbers of finished time-pieces of all fashions were hanging on the walls. From this manufactory we proceeded to the exhibition at the top of the town, where there is a vast display of horological ingenuity and toil. Clocks, clocks, clocks, are all over the room and in every nook, priced at different values, from four or five shillings up to many pounds. A pretty cuckoo-clock took our fancy, with a carved-wood face; this we purchased for twenty-five marks (shillings), and it now hangs close to us, and fails not to utter its cheering note every half-hour that we have been occupied in writing this paper.

There are several large manufacturers in Triberg and elsewhere. A clock-making company has been established at Lenzkirch, and an extensive factory has been set up at Neustadt. About a thousand hands are employed by these two firms, and from one to two and a half florins a day can be earned by the workmen. At Neustadt, also, the industrious folks rear singing-birds, polish garnets and crystal, and make good cheese. But the clock trade is also carried on in villages by people who work in their own homes. Not only the father, but the mother and the children, when not employed in household affairs, work away upon some article employed in the construction of timepieces. To economise time, it is said, that on Sundays the artificers carry the goods they have produced to the clock-dealer, who meets them on the way to church, and then accounts are settled and fresh arrangements made. Some of these villagers are very ingenious, and excel in different kinds of tasteful handicrafts. They reside in elevated parts of the Forest, and they exhibit some physical peculiarities. They have dark hair, brown eyes, and are of a retiring, meditative disposition, whilst their neighbours are of a fairer appearance, and addict themselves to the pursuits of husbandry.

A theory has been based on the circumstance to this effect, that these skilful mechanics are descendants of the old Celts or Gauls, who were driven up the mountain heights by the Teutonic race, who planted themselves in the lowlands.

The clock country, it is said, includes ninety-two parishes, chiefly near Triberg, Villingen, Neustadt, Waldkirch, and Freiburg. As many as 13,500 people are engaged in the business, and there are no less than 1,429 independent artisans and masters, the latter of whom employ 5,726 pair of hands. The trade has greatly developed of late years. It may be regarded as having had its commencement about the year 1667, when the dark-haired men up in the mountains added this craft to their previous pewter-ing and wood-turning.

They worked with a knife, a saw, a drill, and a pair of compasses. The primitive clocks contained

three wheels; and leaden weights on a curved balance served for pendulums. In 1740 the pendulum appeared, and clocks were made to strike. They had to be wound up every twenty-four hours. Eight-day clocks were added in 1780. So the manufacture advanced until 1830, when there came a period of decline. But this stimulated to fresh effort. A clockmakers' school was established at Furtwangen, where young people were instructed not only in the rudiments of the old trade, but in the art of manufacturing spring watches. These are now produced in great numbers, and you may see them in gold and silver exhibited for sale in Triberg and other places, at exceedingly low prices. Furtwangen, three hours' journey from Triberg, is a great watch and clock emporium. The old-fashioned Dutch clocks, as they are called, retain an extensive popularity, and it is maintained that they often keep better time than those of modern make.

From 1797 to 1873, the value of clocks and watches manufactured in the district was, we are told, about twelve million guldens. It is reported that the sale of the Black Forest clocks in England has suffered considerably from the importation of American ones. For some of these particulars we are indebted to "Cook's Tourist's Handbook for the Black Forest," a work which contains much useful information.

Whilst we were sitting in the exhibition room at Triberg, looking at the clocks, we were startled by hearing what sounded like a large orchestra of music. At the end of the apartment stood an organ-like-looking piece of furniture, whence proceeded the combined sounds. They combined the tones of trumpets, flutes, and other instruments, and well represented a respectable regimental band, all the parts keeping time with each other in perfect precision. The machine was worked upon the principle of a barrel-organ, and a number of tunes were played by shifting the cylinders. It is called an "orchestrion," and its price was marked at five hundred pounds. This is the only instrument of the kind we saw, but many, of different prices, we understand, are built in the district. Unter Kirnach is the place of their earliest manufacture.

Putting together clocks, watches, and musical boxes of various sorts and sizes—the orchestrion is a giant of the race—they are reported as amounting to 600,000 articles for exportation alone, a thousand dealers being employed in carrying on the traffic throughout the world.

## SHEFFIELD.

### II.

**I**N the Sheffield factories almost every species of tool made use of by man is constantly making. The cutting tools of carpenters and cabinet-makers; saws of all kinds and sizes, from the smallest handsaw to the huge circular saws of any diameter required; engineering tools, and the implements of the forge and smithy, all are manufactured in abundance, either by machinery or hand-labour; and he would be an ingenious person who should devise any possible product of steel or iron which Sheffield could not supply. Steel ropes, as flexible as those of hemp, and vastly stronger than those of iron, have been made for years past, while at the same time steel wire is drawn to so fine a thread that a single pound

weight of it measures over a hundred miles in length. Some twenty years ago, when the fashion prevailed among the ladies of wearing crinoline skirts, Sheffield supplied more than two millions of pounds weight annually of that material, principally in the form of steel hoops furnished to the dealers.

Passing over a long list of other manufactures of iron, steel, and various metals, we may glance briefly at the silver-plating once peculiar to Sheffield. This art was invented by Thomas Bolsover, who produced his first goods in 1742. For about a century the Sheffield plated goods were known and valued everywhere, and were in use in every house; they were formed by spreading a thin plate of silver on a thick one of copper, and rolling both together into sheets of proper thickness for the articles required to be manufactured. But the discovery of the art of electro-plating, about forty years ago, rapidly dislodged and superseded the Bolsover process. The Sheffield platers, however, adopted the new process when they saw that the old one had had its day, and at the present time they can vie successfully, not only in electro-plating, but in all processes in which electricity is available, with any manufacturers in the kingdom.

The population of Sheffield is estimated at the present time as approaching nearly to two hundred and forty thousand. It is made up of the comparative few who are very rich, of a large mass who are poor, and of that substantial middle-class whose energies are the motive-power of much of the prevailing industry. Among the mass of the population there is not that regard for education and mental progress one would wish to see. The bookseller is not half so much encouraged as he should be, and he shows his sense of that by not putting in a very frequent appearance. Bookshops are too few, and of bookstalls we fear there are none. We are told, however, that education is really "looking up" a little. The School Board has had, or, at least, is beginning to have, some effect. At first the rate-paying classes, especially the lower-middle, objected and resisted, but by degrees the objections have been removed and the resistance overruled, and the education of the poor children is now making fair progress, thanks to the zeal of their managers and to their considerate and lenient dealing with the poorer class of parents. The distress in Sheffield during the protracted depression in trade has been, as we all know, very severe; how kindly and efficiently it was relieved we also know. It must strike any one, we think, who looks into the matter, that the interests and the comforts of the poorer classes of this industrial centre have been well and generously cared for by the wealthy and influential. The open grounds and places of recreation are many, and available to all. The most remarkable are Norfolk Park, Hyde Park, the Botanical Gardens, Western Park and Museum, and the Firth Park, the latter being the gift of Mr. Alderman Firth, who has been in many ways a liberal benefactor to the town.

Sheffield is so well situated that the pedestrian can, in the course of an hour's walk, leave the region of smoke behind him and enjoy the loveliness of nature. One of the pleasantest excursions to the lover of the picturesque would be a stroll along the valley of the Rivelin and its tributary Black Brook. The entrance of the Rivelin valley may be reached in half an hour's walk from the town by the road

through Walkley. The original character of the scenery of the valley can only be guessed at the present time, for centuries have elapsed since the waters were running in their natural channels. From time immemorial the "water power" has been taken possession of and harnessed, so to speak, into the service of the Sheffield cutlery grinders, the bed of the torrent having been parcelled out by taking advantage of the different levels, and forming a series of pools and falls, the pools serving as reservoirs, and allowing the water to be discharged over artificial dykes to turn the grinders' wheels. The landscape, however, is only improved by those innovations of industry, as they add the interest of human life and activities to the rugged romance of Nature, without marring her quiet and seclusion.

Black Brook, a brawling stream leaping along over its stony bed, or stealing through some shady nook, or tumbling merrily over some miniature fall, has been sung in charming verse by the Corn-law Rhymer, who has also sung of the "Headlong Wyming," which rushes down a threatening gorge at some distance parallel to it. Another spot endeared to Elliott, and the scene of one of his poems, is Shirecliffe, near Shirecliffe Hall, formerly the seat of the Mounteney family, an eminence commanding one of the finest views in the county. Other spots of picturesque beauty and interest are the banks of the Porter, a small stream which rises within a few miles of the town, and presents a similar kind of scenery to that of the Rivelin valley, though on a smaller scale; the village of Norton, the birthplace of Chantrey, and also his burial-place; Derbyshire Lane, leading from Norton to Sheffield; Beauchief, famous for its old abbey, which is said to have been built by one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, and which long ago fell into decay, but has been repaired, and is now used as a village church; and Little Matlock, so called from its resemblance to the fashionable Matlock of Derbyshire. All these localities are familiar to the townsmen, and are within easy reach.

Among the remarkable places which lie at a greater distance, but are often visited by the townspeople, the most notable of all is Wharncliffe, or Wharncliffe Craggs. According to the opinion of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, there is scarcely any spot the traveller can light upon which affords a more magnificent prospect than that beheld from the heights of Wharncliffe. The grandeur and extent of the view are almost unrivalled, and it is said that on a clear day the cathedrals of York and Lincoln can both be faintly discerned. On one of the highest points stands Wharncliffe Lodge, built in the reign of Henry VIII by Sir Thomas Wortley, a man of considerable importance in his day, who, it is clear, had a thorough liking for natural sights and sounds, for he left behind him an inscription cut in the hard rock, and which may be deciphered to this hour. It runs as follows:—

"Pray for the Saule of  
Thomas Wryttelay Knignt  
for the Kyngys bode to Edward  
the forthe Rychard therd Hare the vii & Hare viii  
hows Saules God perdon wyche  
Thomas caused a loge to be made  
hon thy crag in mydys of  
Wancliffe for his plesor to her the  
harteres bel in the year of our  
Lord a thousand ccccc. x."

This lodge was visited by Taylor, the water-poet, in 1639, and here he was honourably entertained by Sir Francis Wortley, then owner of the estate; and the poet ate of the knight's venison and quaffed his good wine in the company of his lady and her daughter in a cavern in the rock, which had been furnished for the occasion with all the appliances of a feast. Lady Mary Wortley Montague once lived in the lodge; it is still inhabited, being in charge of a keeper, who protects the ancient inscription and shows the place to visitors.

Wharncliffe is further famous as being the scene of the extravagant old ballad, "The Dragon of Wantley," printed in the Bishop of Dromore's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." The dragon was a monster, to whom

Houses and churches were geese and turkeys;  
He ate all and left none behind,  
But some stones, dear Jack, that he couldn't crack,  
Which on the hill you will find.

The dragon's den is still shown; it is a hole in the face of the cliff below the summit of the Table Rock, and seems to have been the very cave in the rock in which Sir Thomas Wortley introduced the water-poet to the "three barrels of nappy liquor, the red-deer pie, and the excellent shoeing-horn of hanged Martinmas beef." Taylor celebrated in his way his memorable visit to Warncliffe Lodge, but he makes no mention of the ballad of the dragon, from which we may infer that it had not been composed in his time, and is not so ancient a relique as it was supposed to be.

Other remarkable places within reach of the Sheffields are the Fox House, the sporting seat of the Duke of Rutland; Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire; Haddon Hall, the most perfect example of an ancient hall in the whole kingdom; and Conisbro' Castle. These and several other places of note lie within a dozen miles of the town, and are easily accessible either by omnibus or railway.

Few towns can boast so many names celebrated in modern times for excellence in poetry and the arts; or at least for so high a degree of excellence as some of the Sheffield celebrities have attained. Among those most highly honoured and most widely known is that of James Montgomery, who, though not a native of Sheffield, was identified with the town for more than sixty years. Born at Irvine in Ayrshire, in 1771, and the son of a Moravian minister, he was educated with a view to the same calling. Owing to untoward circumstances, he found himself at seventeen years of age behind the counter of a retail shop at Mirfield. In his nineteenth year he turned his back on the shop and made his way to London, in the hope of getting a volume of his poems accepted by the publishers. Disappointed in London, he returned to Yorkshire, and in 1792 became assistant editor of the "Sheffield Register." The times were revolutionary and troublous. The proprietor of the "Register" had to fly the country to avoid a Government prosecution, Montgomery being left to manage the paper. He changed its name from the "Register" to the "Iris," but happening to print a ballad to which it was possible to attach a disloyal significance, he was prosecuted, fined, and sent to prison. The prosecution helped him forward, and ere long he became sole proprietor of the journal he conducted. In 1795 he

was prosecuted again and imprisoned for a longer term, and ordered to find sureties. Grown cautious by experience, he steered clear of offences from this time forth, the "Iris" thriving under his management, and yielding him a handsome maintenance. In 1806 he published his "Wanderer of Switzerland," which at once established his reputation; and this was followed at infrequent intervals by other works which have long been known to the public, and have endeared him more especially to the religious portion of it. The Government which had persecuted him in his youth made amends to him in after-life by conferring on him a pension of £200 a year. He retired from business before old age crept upon him, employing his remaining time principally in the promotion of benevolent objects. He died, without pain, in April, 1854, in his eighty-third year. He was honoured by a public funeral, and in 1860 a handsome monument was erected over his grave in the General Cemetery. The house where Montgomery published the "Iris," and where he wrote the greater part of his poems, was afterwards transformed into a beershop.

Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymers, and emphatically the poet of the people, was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, in 1781. His parents being of the humble class, he had to educate himself, and his character was formed amid the rough surroundings of the forge and the foundry, but stimulated by the desire of excelling, he was indefatigable in study. Starting in the steel trade at Sheffield at a time when that trade was abnormally lucrative, he realised a sufficient sum for a competency and retired upon it. Elliott's poems are characterised by remarkable sensitiveness and delicacy of expression when the subject is anything tender or touching in nature or in the human lot, and by a savage intensity of indignation when he treats of the wrongs of the poor, the "bread-tax," or the doom of the oppressor. It is worth remarking that he gained little or no reputation by his tender and gentler effusions, and it was not until he had become in a manner notorious as the "Corn-law Rhymers" that his merits as a true poet began to be discovered. He died in the year 1849. For many years a bronze statue of Elliott (by no means a capital work of art) stood fronting the Sheffield Post Office. It has lately been removed to a much more appropriate site in Western Park.

Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, about four miles from Sheffield, in 1781. When quite a child he used to drive an ass laden with milk through the lanes leading to Sheffield. When old enough he was put to the grocery business, but greatly disliking it, was transferred to the workshop of a carver and gilder, to whom he was apprenticed. In 1802, having been freed from his apprenticeship, he set up in Sheffield as a portrait-painter, and for a year or two painted for two or three guineas a head such of his fellow-townsmen as could be induced to sit to him. On visiting London for improvement he discovered that his real forte was not painting, but sculpture, and on returning to Sheffield he added modelling from life to his portrait practice. His first attempt in marble was made in 1806; it was a bust of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, now in the parish church, and as a first work is of extraordinary merit. Two years later Chantrey had removed to London, and by rare industry, application, and talent united, was working his way to wealth and fame. In the course of the next thirty years he enriched his native land by numbers

of the finest statues and magnificent groups of statuary which the world has ever seen. He was knighted by William IV; his fame as a sculptor spread through all civilised lands, and he realised a large fortune. In his prosperity he never forgot his humble home at Norton, and the good mother who had brought him up. Leaving the courtly circles in which he moved, he would journey down to visit her in the old cottage, to which she clung with the more tenacity as she grew older, and which he had made snug and comfortable for her declining years. Chantrey died in 1841 at sixty years of age, and was buried in Norton Churchyard; in the church is a tablet to his memory, and near the church stands a handsome granite obelisk, erected by subscription, to his honour.

Joseph Hunter, the author of the "History of Hallamshire," was born in Sheffield in 1783. He was a man of considerable learning and a persevering antiquary. Once a Unitarian preacher, he relinquished the pulpit to accept an appointment as one of the Vice-keepers of the National Records, for which,

from his attainments, he was specially qualified. Besides the "History of Hallamshire" he published a "History of the Deanery of Doncaster" in two folio volumes. He died in London in 1861.

Brief mention must be made of other celebrities, literary and artistic, connected with Sheffield. Buchan wrote his "Domestic Medicine" in the same house in which Montgomery published the "Iris" and wrote most of his popular poems. Dr. Pye Smith, author of "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah," was a native of Sheffield. Sterndale Bennett, doctor of music, and one of the most expressive of English pianists, was born in Sheffield in 1816; and Thomas Creswick, R.A., born in Sheffield in 1811, and who died a few years ago, ranked for many years among the first landscape painters of England. He evidently derived his inspiration from his native scenery, which he knew how to reproduce with rare truthfulness and feeling, and the characteristic tone and colour of which constituted the main charm of his works.

### THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE CENTRAL BLOCK.

A REPORT from Dr. Echternach, surgeon-in-chief to the section of the Albrecht pit, stated that the death of Carl Bauer, number 41,902, thirteen years of age, trapper in gallery 228, was caused by asphyxia, resulting from the absorption by the respiratory organs of a large proportion of carbonic acid.

Another no less luminous report from the engineer Maulesmülhe, explained the necessity of including in the ventilating scheme zone B in the plan xiv, as a large amount of deleterious gas filtered slowly from its galleries. Lastly, a note from the same functionary brought before the notice of the authorities the devotedness of the overseer Rayer, and of the first-class workman, Johann Schwartz.

Ten hours later, on reaching the porter's lodge, Max, as he took his presence-counter, found this printed order on the nail addressed to him.

"Schwartz will present himself at the Director-General's office at ten o'clock to-day. Central Block. Gate and Road A."

"At last!" thought Max. "This is the first step; the rest will come!"

Whilst chatting with his comrades on his Sunday walks round Stahlstadt, he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the general organisation of the city to know that authority to enter the central block was not to be had every day. All sorts of stories were current about this place. It was said that some indiscreet people, who had tried to get into the guarded enclosure by stratagem, had never been seen again; that before their admission all workmen employed there had to go through a series of masonic ceremonies—were obliged to take the most solemn oaths not to reveal anything that went on there, and were mercilessly sentenced to death by a secret tribunal if they violated their oath. A subterranean railway put this sanctuary in communication with the outworks. Night trains brought unknown visitors. Supreme councils were held there, and sometimes mysterious personages came to participate in the deliberations.

Without putting unnecessary faith in these accounts, Max knew that they were really the popular expression of a well-known fact—the extreme difficulty which attended admission into the central division. Of all the workmen whom he knew—and he had friends in the iron mines as well as in the coal-pits, among the refiners as well as the men employed in the blast furnaces, among the carpenters as well as the smiths—not one had ever entered the gate.

It was therefore with a feeling of intense curiosity, as well as secret pleasure, that he presented himself there at the hour named. It was soon plain that the precautions were of the strictest.

Evidently Max was expected. Two men, dressed in a grey uniform, swords at their sides and revolvers in their belts, were waiting in the porter's lodge.

This lodge, like that of a cloistered convent, had two gates, an outer and an inner one, which were never open at the same time.

The pass examined and signed, Max saw, though without manifesting any surprise, a white handkerchief brought out, with which the two attendants in uniform carefully bandaged his eyes.

Then, taking him by the arms, they marched him off without saying a word.

After walking two or three thousand steps, they mounted a staircase, a door was opened and shut, and Max was allowed to take off his bandage.

He found himself in a large plain room, furnished with some chairs, a black board, and a long desk, supplied with every implement necessary for linear drawing. It was lighted by high windows, filled with ground glass.

Almost immediately two personages, who looked as if they belonged to a university, entered the room.

"You are brought before our notice as having somewhat distinguished yourself," said one of them.

"We are about to examine you to find out if there is reason to admit you into the model division. Are you prepared to answer our questions?"

Max modestly declared himself ready to be put to the proof.

The two examiners then successively put questions to him in chemistry, geometry, and algebra. The young workman satisfied them in every case by the clearness and precision of his answers. The figures which he traced in chalk on the board were neat, decided, and elegant: his equations in the most perfect way, in equal lines, like the ranks of a crack regiment. One of these demonstrations was so remarkable, and so new to the judges, that they expressed their astonishment, and asked where he had been taught.

"At Schaffhausen, my native town, in the elementary school."

"You appear a good draughtsman?"

"It was my strong point."

"The education given in Switzerland is decidedly very uncommon," remarked one examiner to the other. "We will give you two hours to execute this," he resumed, handing to the candidate a drawing of a very complicated-looking steam-engine. "If you acquit yourself well you shall be admitted with the mention, 'Perfectly satisfactory, and very superior.'"

Left alone, Max set eagerly to work.

When his judges re-entered at the expiration of the given time, they were so delighted with his diagram, that they added to the promised mention, "We have not another draughtsman of equal talent."

Our young workman was then again seized by the grey attendants, and with the same ceremonial, that is to say, the bandaged eyes, was led to the office of the Director-General.

"You are offered admission to one of the studios in the models' division," said this personage. "Are you ready to submit to the rules and regulations?"

"I do not know what they are," said Max; "but I presume they are acceptable."

"They are these: First, you are compelled, as long as your engagement lasts, to reside in the same division. You cannot go out but by special and exceptional order. Second, you are subjected to military discipline; and you owe absolute obedience, under

military penalties, to your superiors. To weigh against this, you are also like the non-commissioned officers of an active army, for you may, by a regular advance, be raised to the highest grades. Third, you bind yourself by an oath never to reveal to any one what you see in the division to which you have access. Fourth, your correspondence is opened by your chiefs, all you send as well as all you receive; and it must be limited to your family."

"In short, I am in prison," thought Max. Then he replied quietly,—

"These rules seem perfectly just, and I am ready to submit to them."

"Good. Raise your hand. Take the oath. You are nominated draughtsman to the fourth studio. A lodging will be assigned to you, and for your meals, you will find a first-rate canteen here. You have not your property with you?"

"No, sir. As I was ignorant of what I was wanted for I left everything in my room."

"They will be brought to you, for you must not again go out of the division."

"I did well," thought Max, "to write my notes in cipher! They would only have had to look at them!"

Before the close of the day, Max was established in a pretty little room, in the fourth storey of a building overlooking a wide courtyard,

and had some ideas about his new life.

He did not fancy that it would be as dismal as at first sight it appeared. His comrades, with whom he made acquaintance at the restaurant, were in general quiet and gentle, like all industrious people. To enliven themselves a little—for there was rather a want of gaiety in their mechanical life—they formed a band amongst themselves, and performed selections of very tolerable music every evening. A library and a reading-room were valuable resources for the mind, from a scientific point of view, during the rare hours of leisure. Special courses held by professors were obligatory to all the men employed, who had besides to undergo frequent examinations and competitions.

But fresh air and liberty were lacking.



THE NEW WORKMAN.

It was a regular college, only with extra strictness exercised on grown men. The surrounding atmosphere could not but weigh on their spirits, subjected as they were to an iron discipline.

The winter passed away in these employments, to which Max gave himself up heart and soul. His application, the perfection of his drawings, his extraordinary progress in every subject he was taught, noticed by all his tutors and examiners, had made for him, even in this short time, and amongst all these diligent men, a corresponding celebrity. By general consent he was

the most clever draughtsman, the most ingenious, the most fruitful in resources. Was there difficulty? they applied to him. Even the chiefs themselves resorted to his experience, with the respect which merit extorts even from the most marked jealousy.

But if, on reaching the heart of the model division, the young man calculated that he would be any nearer getting at the innermost secrets, he was very much out of his reckoning.

His life at present was enclosed within an iron railing three hundred yards in diameter, surrounding the segment of the central block to which he was attached. Intellectually, his activity could and should extend to the highest branches of metallurgic industry. In practice, it was limited to drawing steam-engines. He constructed them of all dimensions and of all powers, for every kind of industry and use, for war-ships and for printing-presses; but he never left this speciality. The division of labour pushed to its utmost limit held him as in a vice.

After four months passed in section A, Max knew no more of the entire plan of the works in the Steel City than he did on entering. At the most he had merely collected a little general information about the organisation of the machinery of which he formed—notwithstanding his merits—but a very small portion. He knew that the centre of the spider's web, figurative of Stahlstadt, was the Bull Tower, a cyclopean structure, overlooking all the neighbouring buildings.

He had learnt, too, through the legendary stories of the canteen, that the dwelling of Herr Schultz himself was at the base of this tower, and that the renowned secret room occupied the centre. It was added that this vaulted hall, protected against any danger of fire, and plated inside, as a monitor is plated outside, was closed by a system of steel doors with spring-gun locks, worthy of the most suspicious bank. The general opinion was that Professor Schultz was working at the completion of a terrible engine of war of unprecedented power, and destined to assure universal dominion to Germany.

Max had revolved in his brain many most audacious plans of escalade and disguise, but had been compelled to acknowledge to himself that nothing of the sort was practicable. Those lines of sombre and massive walls, flooded with light during the night, and guarded by trusty sentinels, would always oppose an insuperable obstacle to every attempt. But even if he did overcome it to some extent what would he see? Details, always details, never the whole!

What matter! He had sworn not to yield, and he would not yield. If it took ten years, he would wait that time. But the hour was coming when that secret would be his own. It must! The happy city Frankville was

prospering, its beneficent institutions favouring each and all, and giving a new horizon of hope to a disheartened people. Max had no doubt that in the face of such a triumph to the Latin race, Schultz would be more than ever determined to make good his threats. Stahlstadt and its factories were a proof of that.

Thus many weeks passed away.

One day in March, Max had just for the hundredth time repeated his secret vow, when one of the grey attendants informed him that the Director-General wished to speak to him.

"I have received from Herr Schultz," said this high functionary, "an order to send him our best draughtsman. You are the man. Make your



AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT.

arrangements to pass into the inner circle. You are promoted to the rank of lieutenant."

Thus at the very moment when he was almost despairing of success, his heroic toil at last procured him the much desired entrance!

Max was so filled with delight that his joy exhibited itself on his countenance.

"I am happy to have such good news to announce to you," continued the Director; "and I cannot refrain from urging you to continue in the path you have begun to tread so gallantly. A brilliant future is before you. Go, sir."

So Max, after his long probation, caught the first glimpse of the end which he had sworn to reach.

To stuff all his clothes into his portmanteau, follow the grey men, pass through the last enclosure, of which the entrance in the A road might have been still forbidden to him, was the work of a few minutes.

He now stood at the foot of the inaccessible Bull Tower; until this moment he had but seen its lofty head reared among the clouds.

The scene which lay before him was indeed an unexpected one. Imagine a man suddenly transported from a noisy, commonplace European workshop into the midst of a virgin forest in the torrid zone. Such was the surprise which awaited Max in the centre of Stahlstadt.

As a virgin forest gains in beauty from the descriptions of great writers, so was Professor Schultz's park more beautiful than the most lovely of pleasure gardens. Slender palms, tufted bananas, curious cacti, formed the shrubberies. Creepers wound gracefully round eucalyptus-trees, hung in green festoons, or fell in rich clusters. The most tender plants bloomed in abundance. Pineapples and guavas ripened beside oranges. Humming-birds and birds of paradise displayed their brilliant plumage in the open air; for the temperature was as tropical as the vegetation.

Max instinctively looked around and above for glass and hot-air pipes to account for this miracle; seeing nothing but the blue sky, he stopped bewildered.

Then it flashed upon him that not far from the spot was a coal mine in permanent combustion, and he guessed that Herr Schultz had ingeniously utilised this valuable subterranean heat, by means of metallic pipes, to maintain a constant hothouse atmosphere.

But this explanation did not prevent the young Alsacian's eyes from being dazzled and charmed with the green lawns, while his nostrils inhaled with delight the delicious scents which filled the air. To a man who had passed six months without seeing even a blade of grass, it was truly refreshing. A gravelled path led him, by a gentle slope, to the foot of a handsome flight of marble steps, commanded by a majestic colonnade. Behind rose the huge and massive square building, which was as it were the pedestal of the Bull Tower.

Beneath the peristyle Max could see seven or eight servants in red livery, and a gorgeous porter in cocked hat, and bearing a halbert. And he noticed between the columns rich bronze candelabra. As he ascended the steps a slight rumble betrayed that the underground railroad lay beneath his feet.

Max gave his name, and was immediately admitted into a hall, a regular museum of sculpture. Not

having time to examine anything, he was conducted first through a saloon adorned with black and gold, then through one with red and gold ornaments, and he was finally left alone for five minutes in a yellow and gold saloon. At the end of that time a footman returned and showed him into a splendid green and gold study.

Herr Schultz in person, smoking a long clay pipe, with a tankard of beer at his side, had the effect, in the midst of all this luxury, of a spot of mud on a patent leather boot.

Without rising, without even turning his head, the King of Steel merely said in a cold tone,—

"Are you the draughtsman?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have seen your diagrams. They are very good. But do you only understand steam-engines?"

"I have never been examined in anything else."

"Do you know anything of the science of projectiles?"

"I have studied it in my spare time, and for my own pleasure."

This reply interested Herr Schultz.

He designed to turn and look at his employé.

"Well, will you undertake to design a cannon with me? We shall see what you can make of it. Ah! you will be scarcely able to take the place of that idiot of a Sohne, who got killed this morning whilst handling some dynamite! The fool might have blown us all up!"

It must be acknowledged that this revolting want of feeling was only what might have been expected from the mouth of Herr Schultz.

## Varieties.

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